CONVOLUTED FAMILY DYNAMICS A-GO-GO!
#22
PETE BAGGE'S
HATE!
$3.95 in CAN.
$2.95
THIS COMIC BOOK IS RATED "R"
BIBLE
RX
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
STINKY!
P. BAGGE '95
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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

MATADOR® PROFILES

(Pronounced Mat-uh-d'or Records)

ACCUTRON 2000 "The Matador Robot"

MATADOR RECORDS 676 BROADWAY NYC 10012
PHONE: 212 995 5882 FAX: 5883

HOME: 676 Broadway

PROFESSION: Head of A&R, marketing, promotion, sales, publicity, radio, video, shipping and custodial departments, Matador Records.

DRINK OF CHOICE: Motor oil

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: (tie) Hits 9th Anniversary Issue / Manhattan Yellow Pages

FAVORITE PICK-UP LINE: "Why don't you come up to the office after the show...I've got 'Demon Seed' on laserdisc."

OBJECT OF DESIRE: Ally Sheedy (who is also a robot)

FAVORITE BAND: Kraftwerk

ACHILLES HEEL: Instantly disabled whenever the voice of radio host Chris Russo is heard.

PRIZED POSESSION: Lee Atwater's brain

PET PEEVES: Assholes pretend they mistake me for Robocop, what a riot.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote 12 songs for the new Roxette album.

PROFILE: The friends of Matador share a vision with the label's suave record company executives. Accutron 2000 has volunteered to do this Matador Profile™ ad without payment. It feels that the Youth of America has been in a slump for almost a decade, and Accutron wouldn't have it any other way. "Your puny intellect and pathetic human emotions are no match for me!" it intones. "So, do you want regular or decaf?"

SPOON
ALL THE NEGATIVES HAVE BEEN DESTROYED
7"/CD5

GUIDED BY VOICES
THE OFFICIAL IRONMAN RALLY SONG
7"/CD5

THE FOR CARNATION
MARSHMALLOWS
LP*/CD*

MECCA NORMAL
THE EAGLE AND THE POODLE
LP/CD

KUSTOMIZED
AT THE VANISHING POINT
LP/CD

BARDO POND
HIGH FREQUENCIES
DBL LP/CD/CS

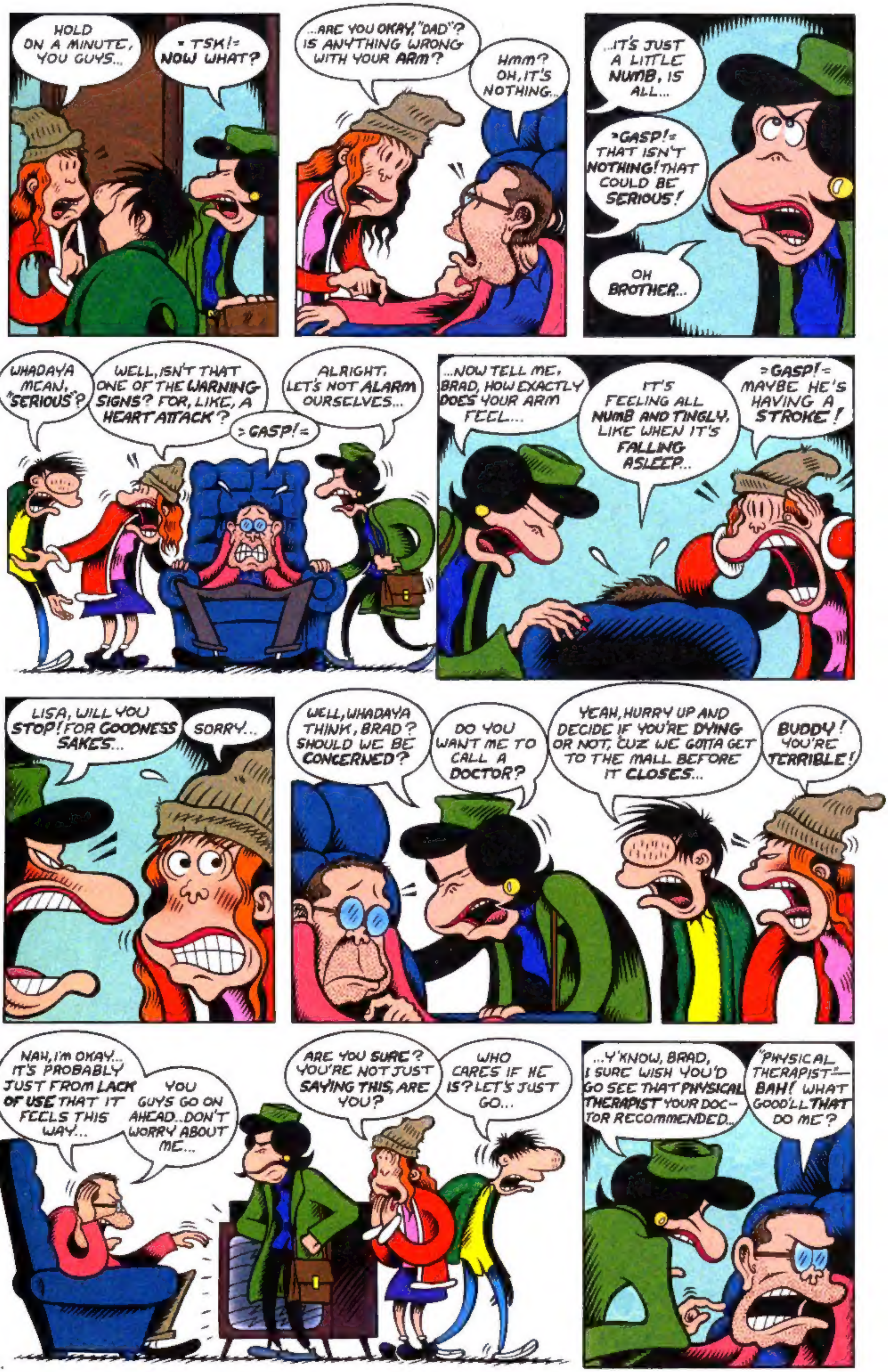
MATADOR

Write for free mail order catalog. Direct Mail Order:
7" $3.25 lp $8 *lp $6 cd $12 *cd $8
cd5 $6 cs $7 dbl lp $12 Postpaid.

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to record music in America, but few are authentic enough for Matador Records. The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each album go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

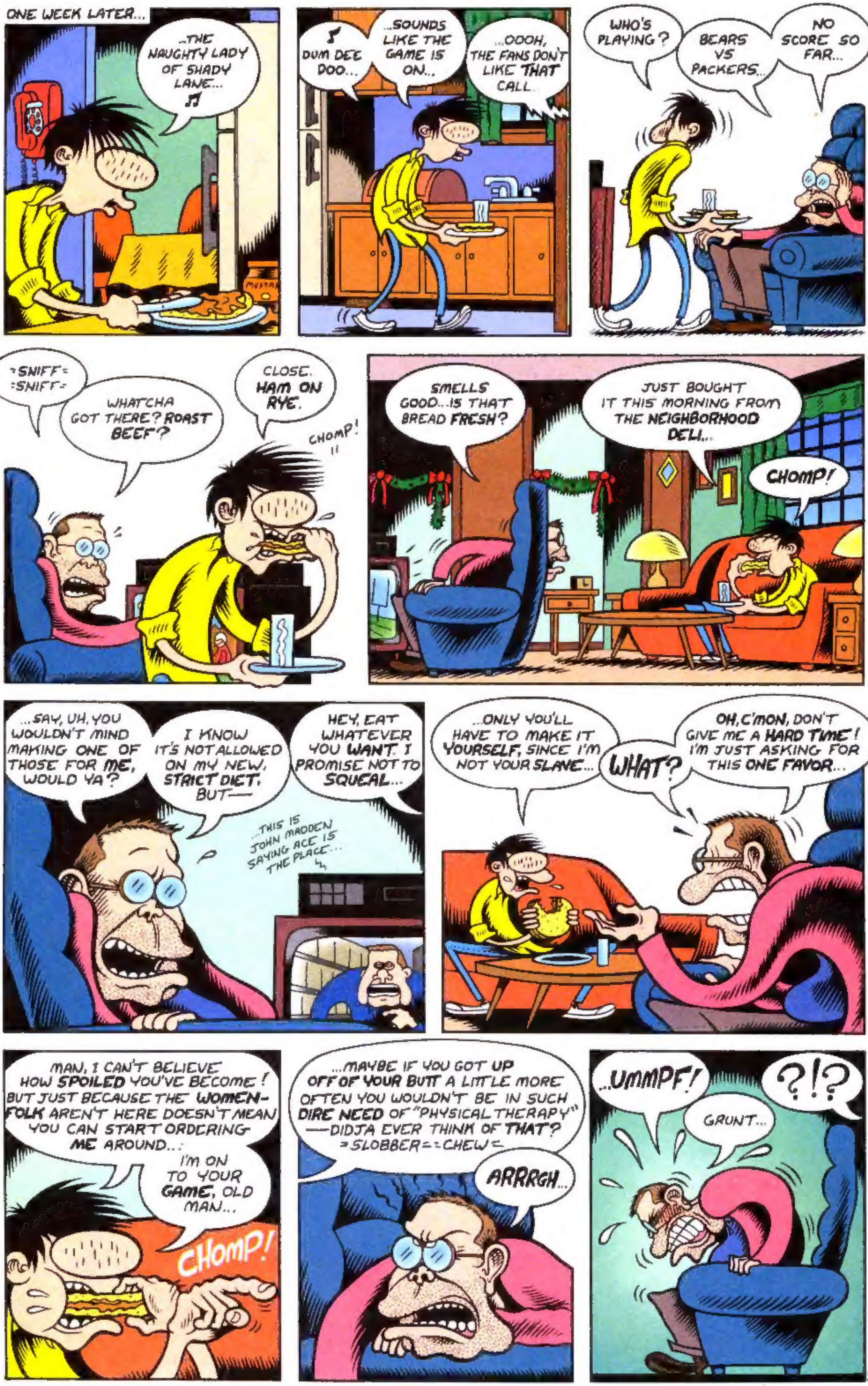
Matador never worries.

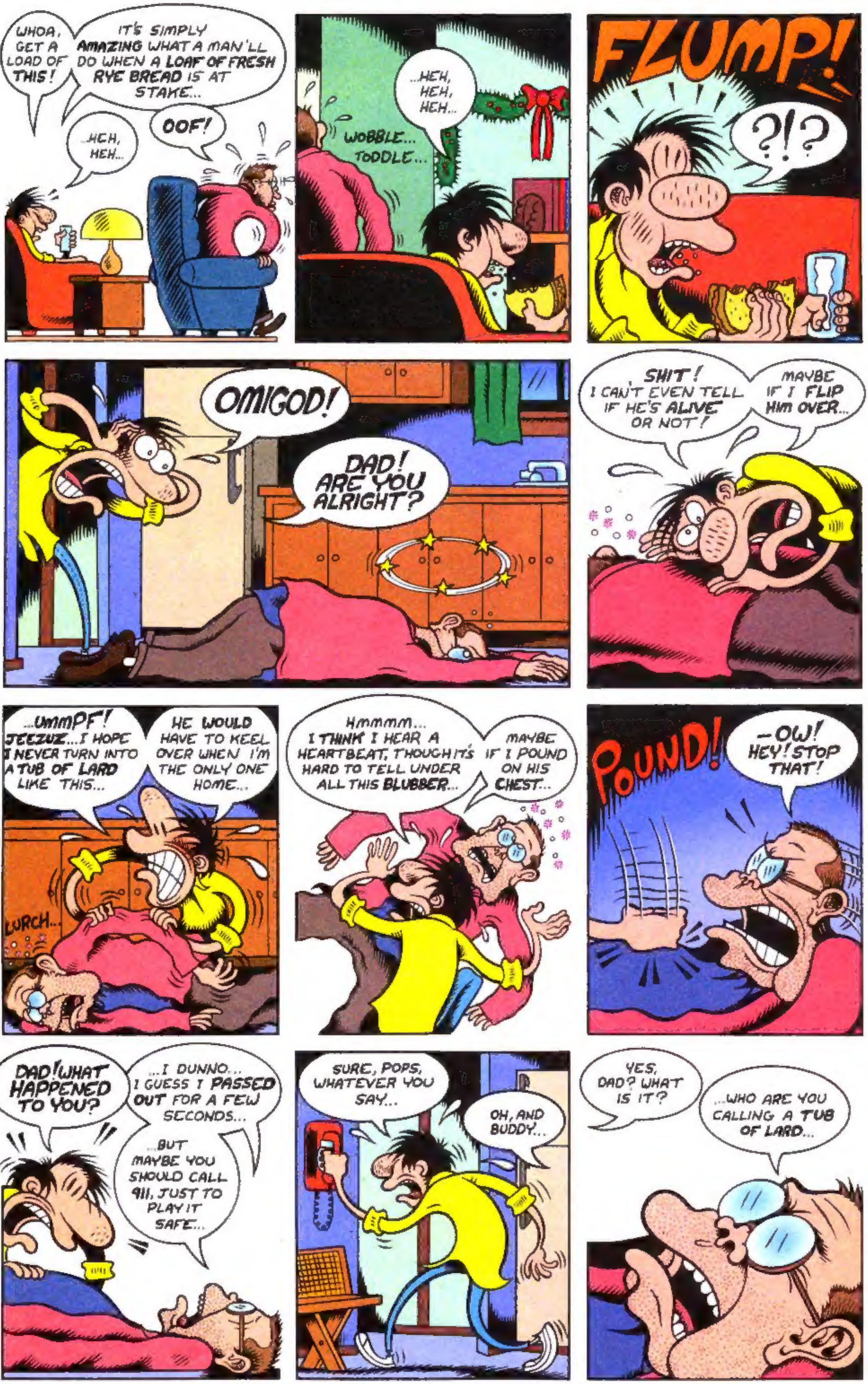
BUDDY BRADLEY AND HIS GALPAL LISA
in
"DEAR OLD DAD"
©1996 BY PETER BAGGE DRAWN BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
ISN'T THERE SOMEPLACE BESIDES THE MALL WHERE WE CAN GET OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DONE?
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MALL?
TONIGHT ON "HARD COPY"
IT'S THE MALL, THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT! AND I'M GETTIN' SICK OF THAT PLACE!
COULDN'T WE GO DOWN-TOWN FOR A CHANGE?
DOWNTOWN? THERE'S NOTHING THERE!
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF RENOVATING DOWN THERE LATELY...
YEAH, BUT IT'S JUST FILLING UP WITH A BUNCH OF OVERPRICED BOUTIQUES...
NOW QUIT YER WHINING AND GET IN THE CAR BEFORE THE WAL-MART CLOSES...


HOLD ON A MINUTE, YOU GUYS...
=TSK!= NOW WHAT?
...ARE YOU OKAY, "DAD"? IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR ARM?
HMM? OH, IT'S NOTHING...
...IT'S JUST A LITTLE NUMB, IS ALL...
=GASP!= THAT ISN'T NOTHING! THAT COULD BE SERIOUS!
OH BROTHER...
WHADAYA MEAN, "SERIOUS"?
WELL, ISN'T THAT ONE OF THE WARNING SIGNS? FOR, LIKE, A HEART ATTACK?
=GASP!=
ALRIGHT. LET'S NOT ALARM OURSELVES...
...NOW TELL ME, BRAD, HOW EXACTLY DOES YOUR ARM FEEL...
IT'S FEELING ALL NUMB AND TINGLY, LIKE WHEN IT'S FALLING ASLEEP...
=GASP!= MAYBE HE'S HAVING A STROKE!
LISA, WILL YOU STOP! FOR GOODNESS SAKES...
SORRY...
WELL, WHADAYA THINK, BRAD? SHOULD WE BE CONCERNED?
DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL A DOCTOR?
YEAH, HURRY UP AND DECIDE IF YOU'RE DYING OR NOT, 'CUZ WE GOTTA GET TO THE MALL BEFORE IT CLOSES...
BUDDY! YOU'RE TERRIBLE!
NAH, I'M OKAY... IT'S PROBABLY JUST FROM LACK OF USE THAT IT FEELS THIS WAY...
YOU GUYS GO ON AHEAD... DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME...
ARE YOU SURE? YOU'RE NOT JUST SAYING THIS, ARE YOU?
WHO CARES IF HE IS? LET'S JUST GO...
...Y'KNOW, BRAD, I SURE WISH YOU'D GO SEE THAT PHYSICAL THERAPIST YOUR DOCTOR RECOMMENDED...
"PHYSICAL THERAPIST"— BAH! WHAT GOOD'LL THAT DO ME?

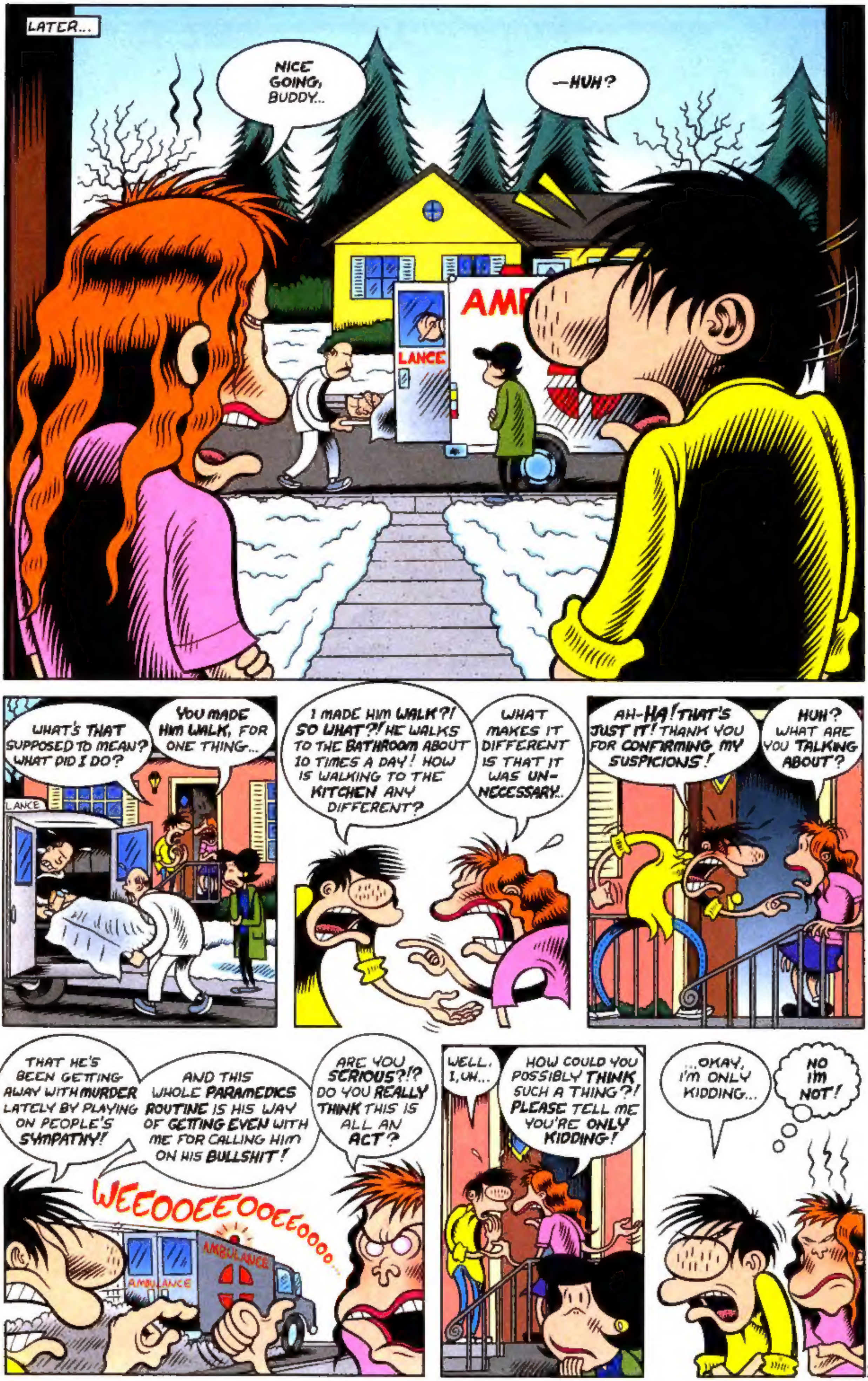
WELL, FOR ONE THING HE COULD SHOW YOU HOW TO KEEP IN SHAPE WITHOUT PUTTING TOO MUCH STRAIN ON YOUR HEART...
...THAT WAY YOU MIGHT AVOID BECOMING A VEGETABLE...
HEY, WE COULD ALWAYS PICK UP A WORK-OUT VIDEO FOR HIM WHILE WE'RE OUT...
HOW ABOUT "BUNS OF STEEL"? I HEAR THAT'S A GOOD ONE...
?!? WHAT? WHA'D I SAY?
=SIGH= FORGET IT...
JUST GET IN THE CAR, MISTER WISE-ACRE...
YOU TOO, LISA...
I'M NOT GOING...
-HUH?
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I SAID I'M NOT GOING...
...I THINK SOMEONE SHOULD STAY HERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON DAD...
BESIDES, THERE'S NO REASON FOR ME TO GO...
PAMELA SUE MARTIN'S PLASTIC SURGEON TELLS ALL!
BUT THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO STAY, EITHER!
C'MON, LISA! DAD'LL BE FINE BY HIMSELF...
NO! I'M STAYING AND THAT'S THAT!
WILL YOU PEOPLE KEEP IT DOWN? I CAN'T HEAR THE T.V...
LET HER STAY, BUDDY... I'LL BE IN THE CAR...
DON'T KEEP YOUR MOTHER WAITING, BUDDY...
...(DON'T DO THIS TO ME, LISA! I DON'T WANT TO GO SHOPPING WITH MY MOTHER BY MYSELF)...
WELL, WE HAVE TO GET OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DONE SOONER OR LATER...
I'M JUST TRYING TO BE PRACTICAL, BUDDY...
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I DON'T MIND STAYING...
WELL, OKAY... WHATEVER...
...IT'S BECAUSE YOU WANT TO STAY THAT I'M WORRIED...
ZZZZ
3.

NEXT DAY...
DUM DEE DOO...
SOUNDS LIKE THE GAME IS ON...
THE OILERS LINE UP ON THEIR OWN 37...
?!?
WHAT TH—
LISA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
(SHH! BE QUIET!)
...(I'M GIVING HIM SOME PHYSICAL THERAPY)...
ZZZz...
"PHYSICAL THERAPY"? I THOUGHT HE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH THAT STUFF...
THAT'S WHY I'M TRYING TO DO IT WHILE HE'S ASLEEP...
IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP HIS MUSCLES IN WORKING ORDER...
IT IS, HUH? AND HOW DID YOU BECOME AN EXPERT ON THE SUBJECT?
I ASKED YOUR SISTER, SINCE SHE'S A NURSE. SHE SAID A PATIENT COULD SUFFER FROM "ATROPHY" IF THEY DON'T USE THEIR LIMBS...
CHOMP!
I SEE... SO NOW HE'S YOUR "PATIENT"... NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING...
SO WHAT'S IT TO YOU IF I'M TRYING TO HELP HIM? IT'S NO SKIN OFF YOUR NOSE...
THAT'S RIGHT, IT ISN'T...
...THOUGH WATCHING YOU HANDLE MY OLD MAN'S FLESH IS KINDA GROSSING ME OUT...
OH, YOU...
...I SUPPOSE YOU'D BE PERFECTLY WILLING TO CHANGE HIS BED PAN AS WELL, SHOULD IT EVER COME TO THAT...
WELL, SURE, WHY NOT? THAT'D BE NO BIG DEAL...
ZZZZ...
—HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA WATCH THE GAME...
I'M GONNA HAFTA EAT THIS IN ANOTHER ROOM...
=GAG!=

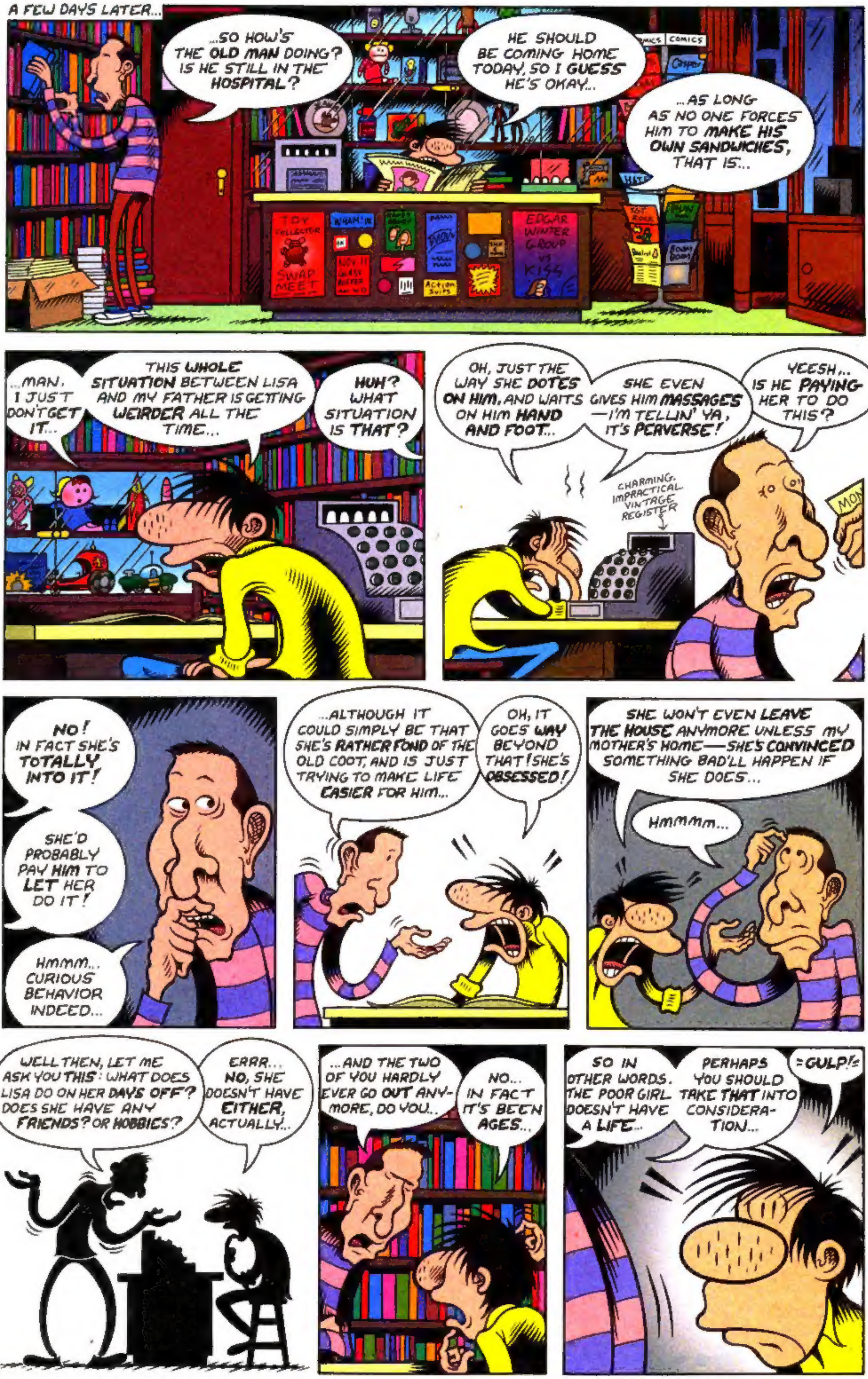

ONE WEEK LATER...
...THE NAUGHTY LADY OF SHADY LANE... ♫
DUM DEE DOO...
...SOUNDS LIKE THE GAME IS ON...
...OOOH, THE FANS DON'T LIKE THAT CALL...
WHO'S PLAYING?
BEARS VS PACKERS...
NO SCORE SO FAR...
=SNIFF= =SNIFF=
WHATCHA GOT THERE? ROAST BEEF?
CLOSE. HAM ON RYE.
CHOMP!
SMELLS GOOD...IS THAT BREAD FRESH?
JUST BOUGHT IT THIS MORNING FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD DELI...
CHOMP!
...SAY, UH, YOU WOULDN'T MIND MAKING ONE OF THOSE FOR ME, WOULD YA?
I KNOW IT'S NOT ALLOWED ON MY NEW, STRICT DIET, BUT—
HEY, EAT WHATEVER YOU WANT. I PROMISE NOT TO SQUEAL...
...THIS IS JOHN MADDEN SAYING ACE IS THE PLACE...
...ONLY YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT YOURSELF, SINCE I'M NOT YOUR SLAVE...
WHAT?
OH, C'MON, DON'T GIVE ME A HARD TIME! I'M JUST ASKING FOR THIS ONE FAVOR...
MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW SPOILED YOU'VE BECOME! BUT JUST BECAUSE THE WOMEN-FOLK AREN'T HERE DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN START ORDERING ME AROUND...
I'M ON TO YOUR GAME, OLD MAN...
CHOMP!
...MAYBE IF YOU GOT UP OFF OF YOUR BUTT A LITTLE MORE OFTEN YOU WOULDN'T BE IN SUCH DIRE NEED OF "PHYSICAL THERAPY" —DIDJA EVER THINK OF THAT? =SLOBBER= =CHEW=
ARRRGH...
...UMMPF!
GRUNT...
?!?



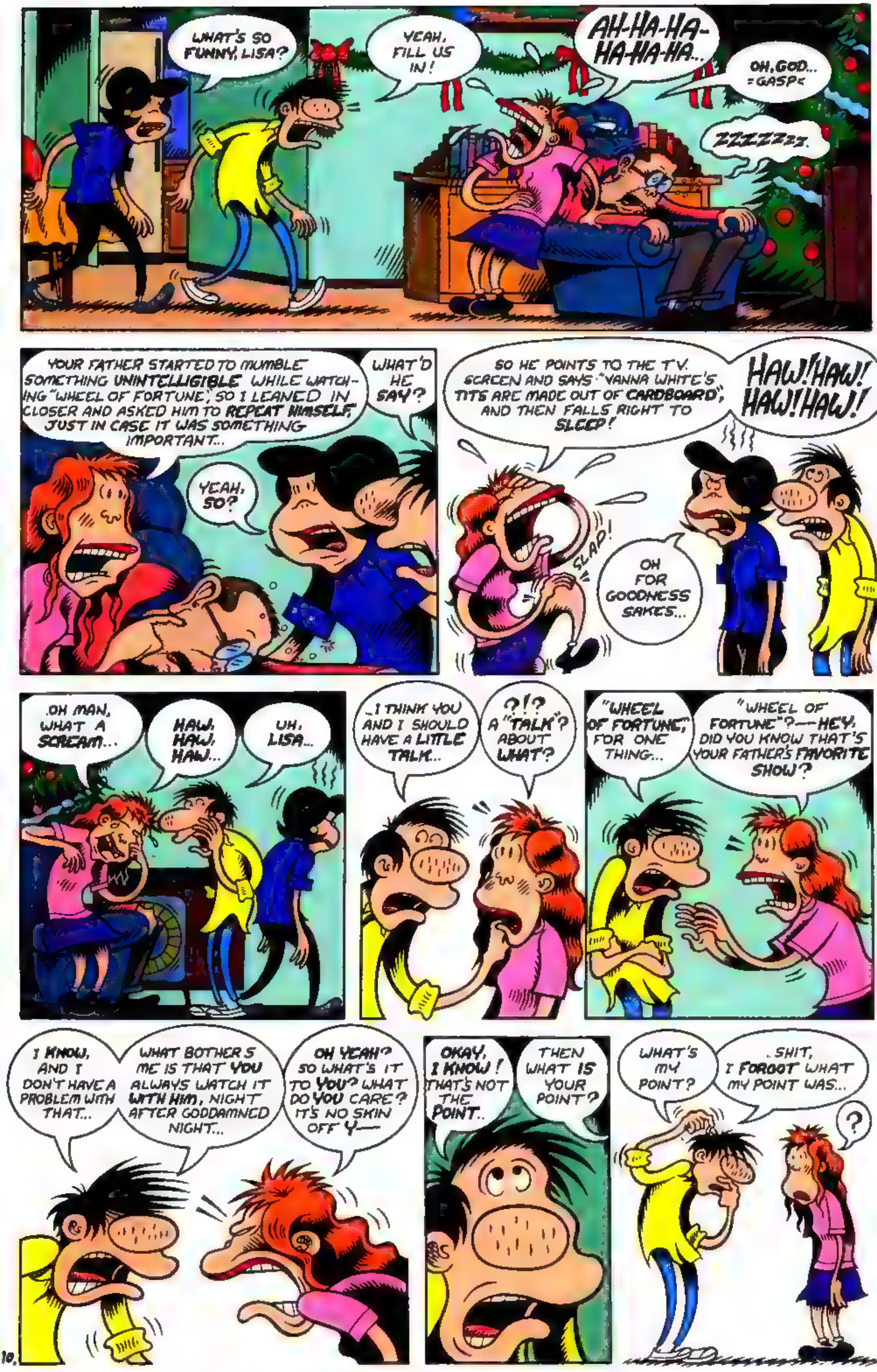
WHOA, GET A LOAD OF THIS!
IT'S SIMPLY AMAZING WHAT A MAN'LL DO WHEN A LOAF OF FRESH RYE BREAD IS AT STAKE...
..HEH, HEH...
OOF!
WOBBLE... TODDLE...
...HEH, HEH, HEH...
FLUMP!
?!?
OMIGOD!
DAD! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
SHIT! I CAN'T EVEN TELL IF HE'S ALIVE OR NOT!
MAYBE IF I FLIP HIM OVER...
...UMMPF! JEEZUZ...I HOPE I NEVER TURN INTO A TUB OF LARD LIKE THIS...
HE WOULD HAVE TO KEEL OVER WHEN I'M THE ONLY ONE HOME...
LURCH...
Hmmmm... I THINK I HEAR A HEARTBEAT, THOUGH IT'S HARD TO TELL UNDER ALL THIS BLUBBER...
MAYBE IF I POUND ON HIS CHEST...
POUND!
-OW! HEY! STOP THAT!
DAD! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
...I DUNNO... I GUESS I PASSED OUT FOR A FEW SECONDS...
...BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALL 911, JUST TO PLAY IT SAFE...
SURE, POPS, WHATEVER YOU SAY...
OH, AND BUDDY...
YES, DAD? WHAT IS IT?
...WHO ARE YOU CALLING A TUB OF LARD...



LATER...
NICE GOING, BUDDY...
—HUH?
AMB
LANCE
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN? WHAT DID I DO?
YOU MADE HIM WALK, FOR ONE THING...
LANCE
I MADE HIM WALK?! SO WHAT?! HE WALKS TO THE BATHROOM ABOUT 10 TIMES A DAY! HOW IS WALKING TO THE KITCHEN ANY DIFFERENT?
WHAT MAKES IT DIFFERENT IS THAT IT WAS UN-NECESSARY...
AH-HA! THAT'S JUST IT! THANK YOU FOR CONFIRMING MY SUSPICIONS!
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THAT HE'S BEEN GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER LATELY BY PLAYING ON PEOPLE'S SYMPATHY!
AND THIS WHOLE PARAMEDICS ROUTINE IS HIS WAY OF GETTING EVEN WITH ME FOR CALLING HIM ON HIS BULLSHIT!
WEEOOEEOOEEOOOO...
AMBULANCE
AMBULANCE
ARE YOU SERIOUS?!? DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS ALL AN ACT?
WELL, I, UH...
HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY THINK SUCH A THING?! PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE ONLY KIDDING!
...OKAY, I'M ONLY KIDDING...
NO I'M NOT!


A FEW DAYS LATER...
...SO HOW'S THE OLD MAN DOING? IS HE STILL IN THE HOSPITAL?
HE SHOULD BE COMING HOME TODAY, SO I GUESS HE'S OKAY...
...AS LONG AS NO ONE FORCES HIM TO MAKE HIS OWN SANDWICHES, THAT IS...
TOY COLLECTOR SWAP MEET
EDGAR WINTER GROUP VS KISS
COMICS COMICS
Casper
...MAN, I JUST DON'T GET IT...
THIS WHOLE SITUATION BETWEEN LISA AND MY FATHER IS GETTING WEIRDER ALL THE TIME...
HUH? WHAT SITUATION IS THAT?
OH, JUST THE WAY SHE DOTES ON HIM, AND WAITS ON HIM HAND AND FOOT...
SHE EVEN GIVES HIM MASSAGES —I'M TELLIN' YA, IT'S PERVERSE!
YEESH... IS HE PAYING HER TO DO THIS?
CHARMING, IMPRACTICAL VINTAGE REGISTER
NO! IN FACT SHE'S TOTALLY INTO IT!
SHE'D PROBABLY PAY HIM TO LET HER DO IT!
HMMM... CURIOUS BEHAVIOR INDEED...
...ALTHOUGH IT COULD SIMPLY BE THAT SHE'S RATHER FOND OF THE OLD COOT, AND IS JUST TRYING TO MAKE LIFE EASIER FOR HIM...
OH, IT GOES WAY BEYOND THAT! SHE'S OBSESSED!
SHE WON'T EVEN LEAVE THE HOUSE ANYMORE UNLESS MY MOTHER'S HOME—SHE'S CONVINCED SOMETHING BAD'LL HAPPEN IF SHE DOES...
HMMMM...
WELL THEN, LET ME ASK YOU THIS: WHAT DOES LISA DO ON HER DAYS OFF? DOES SHE HAVE ANY FRIENDS? OR HOBBIES?
ERRR... NO, SHE DOESN'T HAVE EITHER, ACTUALLY...
...AND THE TWO OF YOU HARDLY EVER GO OUT ANYMORE, DO YOU...
NO... IN FACT IT'S BEEN AGES...
SO IN OTHER WORDS, THE POOR GIRL DOESN'T HAVE A LIFE...
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TAKE THAT INTO CONSIDERATION...
=GULP!=

THAT EVENING..
HOW'S YOUR DINNER, "DAD"? IS IT STILL TOO HOT?
MMMUMBLE...
MORE GUTTED CORPSES FOUND! DETAILS AT ELEVEN
—OH, LOOK! YOU ATE THE WHOLE THING! GOOD BOY!
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING ELSE? A CUP OF TEA, PERHAPS?
C-CL-CLICK
WHAT'S THAT? A KLEENEX?
N-NO.
YOUR "CLICK-CLICK"? OH, YOU MEAN YOUR CHANNEL CHANGER!
NOW WHERE IS THAT THING..
OH WAIT, I SEE IT...
UMMPF...
..NOW, HOW DID IT GET ON TOP OF THE T.V.?
OH WELL, NO MATTER..
?
WHAT STATION DO YOU WANT ON?
HMMM? CHANNEL FOUR?
MUTTER..
CLICK! CLICK!
—OH, LOOK! WHEEL OF FORTUNE IS ON!
YOU USUALLY WATCH THIS SHOW, DON'T YOU?
WHEEL! OF! FORTUNE! YAAAY! WHOOPIE!
UH-HUH...
I NEVER WATCHED THIS SHOW 'TIL RECENTLY, BUT I GOTTA ADMIT IT'S PRETTY ADDICTING..
UMMPF..
HMMM? WHAT WAS THAT?
I SAID,
AH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
?
!



WHAT'S SO FUNNY, LISA?
YEAH, FILL US IN!
AH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA...
OH, GOD... =GASP=
ZZZZZZZ.
YOUR FATHER STARTED TO MUMBLE SOMETHING UNINTELLIGIBLE WHILE WATCHING "WHEEL OF FORTUNE", SO I LEANED IN CLOSER AND ASKED HIM TO REPEAT HIMSELF, JUST IN CASE IT WAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT...
WHAT'D HE SAY?
YEAH, SO?
SO HE POINTS TO THE T.V. SCREEN AND SAYS "VANNA WHITE'S TITS ARE MADE OUT OF CARDBOARD", AND THEN FALLS RIGHT TO SLEEP!
HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
SLAP!
OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES...
OH MAN, WHAT A SCREAM...
HAW. HAW. HAW...
UH, LISA...
...I THINK YOU AND I SHOULD HAVE A LITTLE TALK...
?!? A "TALK"? ABOUT WHAT?
"WHEEL OF FORTUNE", FOR ONE THING...
"WHEEL OF FORTUNE"?— HEY, DID YOU KNOW THAT'S YOUR FATHER'S FAVORITE SHOW?
I KNOW, AND I DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT...
WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT YOU ALWAYS WATCH IT WITH HIM, NIGHT AFTER GODDAMNED NIGHT...
OH YEAH? SO WHAT'S IT TO YOU? WHAT DO YOU CARE? IT'S NO SKIN OFF Y—
OKAY, I KNOW! THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
THEN WHAT IS YOUR POINT?
WHAT'S MY POINT?
...SHIT, I FORGOT WHAT MY POINT WAS...
?

BUT ANYHOW, JAY INVITED US TO JOIN HIM AND HIS FRIENDS FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN IN HOBOKEN THIS FRIDAY, AND I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE HIM UP ON THE OFFER..
HOBOKEN? WHY?
"WHY"?!? BECAUSE IT'S SOMETHING TO DO, THAT'S WHY!
REMEMBER HOW A LONG TIME AGO YOU AND I USED TO GO OUT EVERY ONCE IN A BLUE MOON? REMEMBER THOSE DAYS?
YEAH, SO?
SO, LET'S DO IT AGAIN, OKAY? JUST FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE!
OH, JEEZ, I DUNNO...
NO OFFENSE, BUT I'M REALLY NOT ALL THAT INTERESTED IN HANGING OUT IN SOME TRENDY, OVER-PRICED BAR WITH JAY AND HIS JUNKIE LOSER FRIENDS...
IT JUST SOUNDS LIKE A BIG WASTE OF TIME TO ME... SORRY...
OH, WELL THEN, HOW ABOUT JUST YOU 'N' ME—
PLUS I'D HATE TO LEAVE YOUR FATHER ALONE BY HIMSELF IN THE EVENING...
...I FEEL LIKE HE REALLY DEPENDS ON MY COMPANY THESE DAYS...
ARRRGH! WILL YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT MY FATHER!
ZZZZZZ.
LOOK AT HIM! DOES HE LOOK LIKE HE'S REVELLING IN YOUR PRESENCE AT THE MOMENT? HMMM? DOES HE?!?
OH, HE'S JUST TAKING A LITTLE CAT NAP...
BUT WHAT IF HE WOKE UP AND I WASN'T HERE?
AND WHAT ABOUT HIS CONDITION? WHAT IF—
ZZZZORK!
ENOUGH! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT!
WE'RE GOING OUT WITH JAY THIS FRIDAY NIGHT AND THAT'S FINAL! AM I MAKING MYSELF CLEAR?
YES, SIR...
GOOD! ..I'M SURE YOU WON'T REGRET IT, EITHER...
A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WILL PROBABLY DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD...
HEARTLESS BASTARD!
ZZZNUCK!

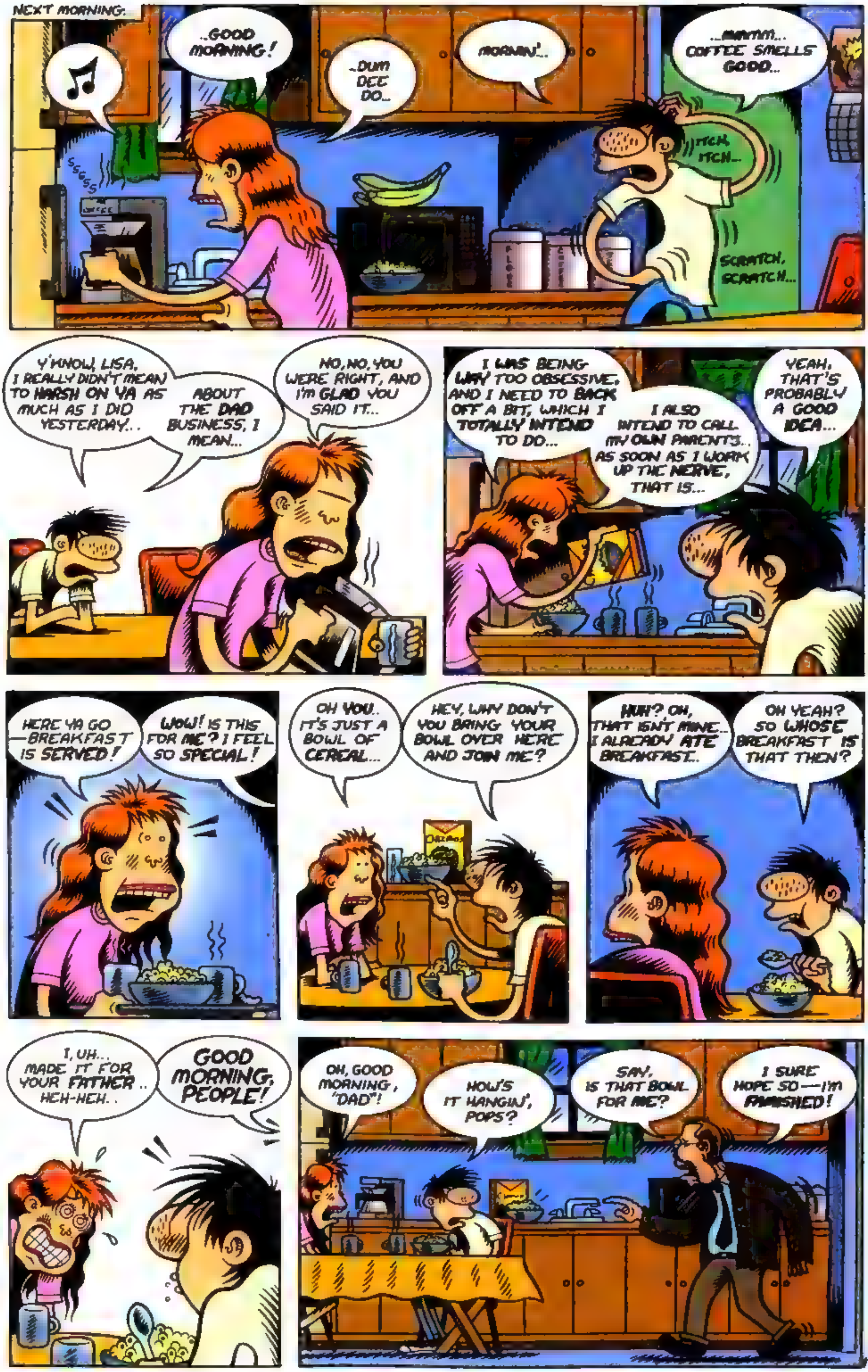
THAT FRIDAY NIGHT...
YOU GUYS ARE GONNA LISTEN TO OUR BAND PLAY LATER, AREN'T YA? I'LL PUT YOU ON THE LIST...
UHHH... I DUNNO, WE'LL HAVE TO SEE. .WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU PLAY?
OH, IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE...
WE'VE GOT SORTOF A '70S RETRO THING GOING, WITH A REAL STRONG POP SENSIBILITY...
THEY SOUND LIKE "WHITE ZOMBIE".
THEY DO NOT! THEY REMIND ME MORE OF A '90S VERSION OF THE CLASH, ONLY LOUDER AND SLOWER...
YEAH, YEAH. I'D GO ALONG WITH THAT DESCRIPTION... GOOD ONE, PAM!
?
—YOU'RE IN A BAND, AREN'T YOU?
..HUH? WHO, ME? HELL NO!
WHAT-EVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?
I, UH, COULDA SWORE THAT SOMEONE TOLD ME...
WHO!? WHO TOLD YOU THAT?
I, UH, REALLY DON'T RECALL...
LOOK, JAY, I GOTTA GET GOING..
SEE YOU GUYS LATER, OKAY?
LATER! BREAK A LEG!
?

..POOR GUY.. HE'S REALLY NERVOUS. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME OUT FOR HIS NEW ROCK COMBO...
YOU CAN TELL HE WANTS TO BE A ROCK STAR IN THE WORST WAY..
IT'S REALLY KIND OF SAD...
WHO TOLD THAT GUY I WAS IN A ROCK BAND? DID YOU?!
DID I?! OF COURSE NOT!
JESUS CHRIST, LISA, WILL YOU STOP ACTING SO DEFENSIVE?
..HEY, WHO ARE THOSE WEIRDOS HE'S TALKING TO NOW? ARE THOSE HIS BANDMATES?
I DOUBT IT... MAYBE IT'S HIS FAN CLUB...
MAN, WHAT A FREAKY LOOKING BUNCH! I WONDER WHAT THEIR TRIP IS...
YA GOT ME...THOUGH I BET IF YOU TOLD ME WHAT THEIR DRUG OF CHOICE WAS I'D BE ABLE TO DESCRIBE THEIR WHOLE LIFESTYLE TO A TEE...
=TSK= WHO EVEN CARES!... BUNCH OF IDIOTS...
—OOH, WAIT, I THINK I KNOW ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE...
REALLY? WHICH ONE?
THE GAL WITH THE NOSE RING. REMEMBER HER, JAY? SHE USED TO DANCE AT THE CLUB I WORK AT YEARS AGO...
...LAST I HEARD SHE WOUND UP DOING PORNO FLICKS...
...AT LEAST IT'S NICE TO SEE SHE SURVIVED THAT RACKET IN ONE PIECE...
SHE WAS A PORN STAR? WHAT'S HER NAME? MAYBE I KNOW HER "WORK"!
=TSK!= LISTEN TO YOU...
BUT HER NAME'S STACY.. DON'T ASK ME WHAT HER "STAGE NAME" WAS..
INTRO-DUCE US! I'LL ASK HER MYSELF!
DON'T YOU DARE! YOU CAN COME WITH ME TO SAY HI, BUT ONLY IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO ACT LIKE A PIG...
I PROMISE! LET'S GO!
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

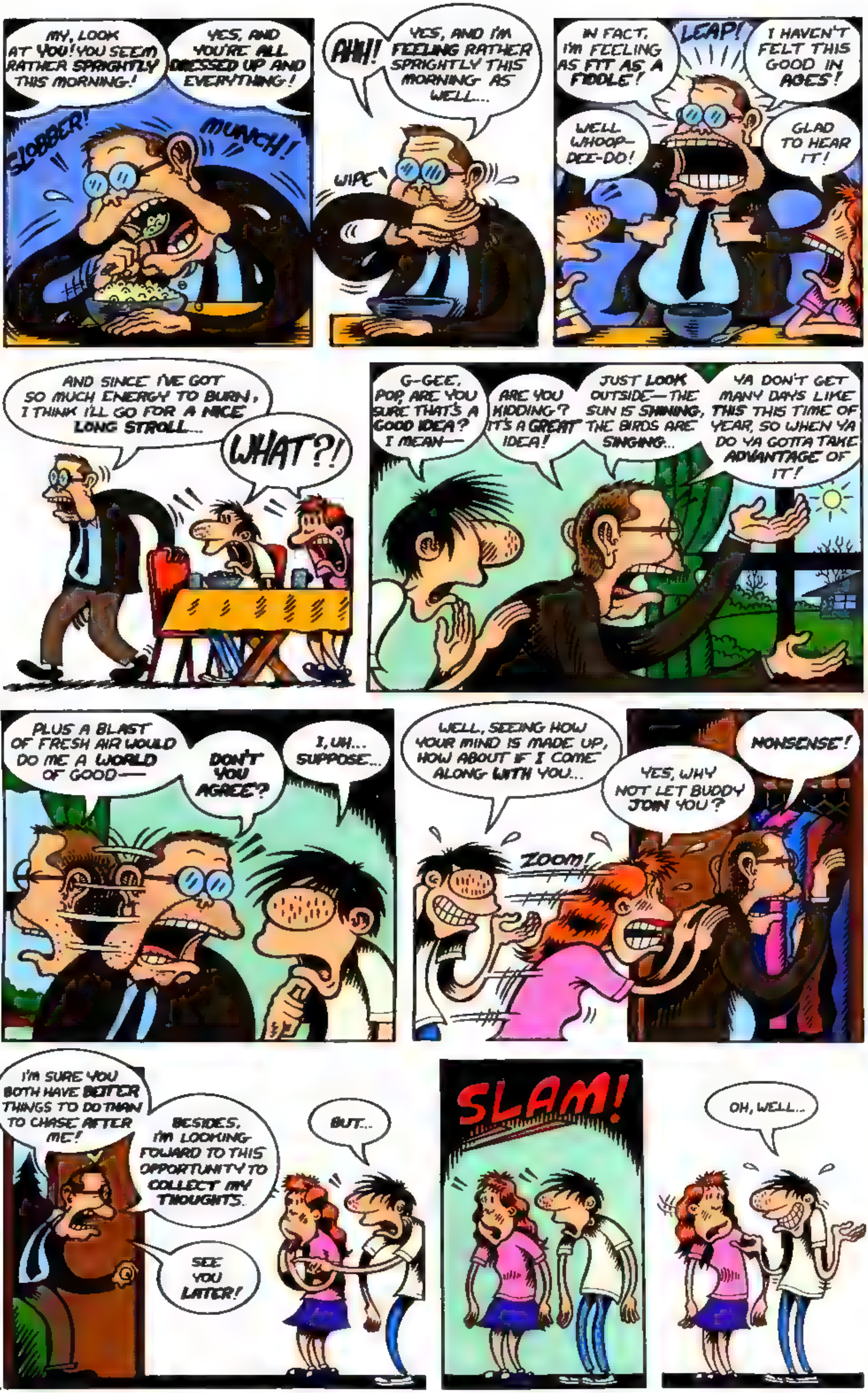
?!? WHO, ME? I WAS JUST—
YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE ME SITTING HERE BY MYSELF WHILE YOU RUN OFF TO SLOBBER OVER THAT TRAMP? FAT CHANCE, BUSTER!
HI, STACE! REMEMBER ME?
OH, HI!!!!!!!
BUT I...
OH, FORGET IT!
SLUMP!
BOY OH BOY, LISA, IF I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO BE THIS WAY I NEVER WOULDA ASKED YOU TO COME ALONG..
BUT YOU DIDN'T ASK ME—YOU FORCED ME, REMEMBER?
OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. I FORCED YOU...
AND NOW YOU'RE PUNISHING ME FOR IT, IS THAT IT?
HEY, I'M NOT ACTING THIS WAY ON PURPOSE! BUT HOW CAN I NOT BE MISERABLE SITTING HERE IN THIS HELL HOLE?
IT'S NOT A "HELL HOLE"! IT'S A BAR, WHERE PEOPLE COME TO DRINK, TALK AND RELAX...
IT'S A BAR FULL OF PHONIES AND POSEURS IS WHAT IT IS!
::SIGH:: ALRIGHT, SO IT IS, BUT SO WHAT?
ISN'T THAT HALF THE FUN OF COMING TO A PLACE LIKE THIS? TO SIT AND MAKE FUN OF EVERYBODY?
WE USED TO DO IT ALL THE TIME...
THAT WAS THEN, THIS IS NOW. NOW I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO...
YEAH, LIKE SITTING AT HOME AND WATCHING JEOPARDY WITH A DECREPIT OLD GEEZER, FOR EXAMPLE...
THAT'S RIGHT, FOR EXAMPLE!
SLUMP!
...I DUNNO, LISA, I JUST CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT...
NOT THAT I EVER COULD, BUT...
SO WHY BOTHER TRYING?
"WHY BOTHER", INDEED...
I THINK I SHALL GIVE UP TRYING, 'CUZ I'VE PRETTY MUCH HAD IT WITH YOU...
—HUH?
WHADAYA MEAN, YOU'VE "HAD IT"?!
WHAT I MEAN IS YOU'RE A FUCKING NUT, AND I'M SICK OF PUTTING UP WITH YOUR INSANITY!
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!

...CRRR...I, UH, DIDN'T MEAN TO PUT IT QUITE THAT WAY...
OH, GREAT.
LISA, WAIT! I DIDN'T MEAN TO—
LEAVE ME ALONE! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU, TOO!
HOLD UP, WILL YA? I SAID I'M SORRY!
LET GO OF ME, YOU—
GRAB!
LEMME JUST ASK YOU ONE THING...
WHAT? HURRY UP AND ASK!
WHAT EXACTLY IS THE DEAL WITH YOU AND MY OLD MAN? I MEAN, YOU ARE SO INTO LOOKING AFTER HIM THAT I—
BECAUSE IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A GOOD PERSON, THAT'S WHY!
HUH? BECAUSE Y—
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FEEL USEFUL AND NEEDED, AND NOT JUST SOME TAG-ALONG LAUGHING-STOCK WHO'S TAKING UP SPACE!
..OH... I SEE... BUT—
AND I ONLY WISH YOU CARED ABOUT YOUR FATHER AS MUCH AS I DO! THAT'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO UNDERSTAND!
HEY, I CARE ABOUT MY OLD MAN, BUT NOT TO THE POINT WHERE I'M HOVERING AROUND HIM ALL DAY, CATERING TO HIS EVERY WHIM!
HMPF!
I'M THE ONE WHO GREW UP WITH THE GUY, REMEMBER? AND I STILL GOT BUMPS ON MY HEAD TO REMIND ME OF WHAT HE USED TO BE LIKE!
THERE'S JUST TOO MUCH HISTORY BETWEEN US FOR ME TO FEEL THE PURE, UNADULTERATED PITY THAT YOU SEEM TO FEEL FOR HIM...

BESIDES, LOOK AT HOW DISCONNECTED YOU ARE FROM YOUR OWN FAMILY!
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU EVEN TALKED TO YOUR PARENTS? LAST CHRISTMAS?
=GULP!= I, UH.. DON'T REMEMBER
FOR ALL YOU KNOW YOUR OWN FATHER MIGHT BE IN AS SORRY SHAPE AS MINE IS...
HE MIGHT EVEN BE DEAD! DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK OF THAT?
=GASP!=
OH MY GOD! I REALLY AM A TERRIBLE PERSON! YOU MUST THINK I'M SUCH A PHONEY...
NAH...I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D WANT TO DISTANCE YOURSELF FROM YOUR OWN RELATIVES..
BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND...
...SO I'M NOT TRYIN' TO DUMP ON YA—I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE YOU SEE WHERE I'M COMIN' FROM WITH THIS WHOLE "DAD" THING...
NO, I GET THE PICTURE ALL RIGHT...LOUD AND CLEAR...
..SO I GUESS YOU'RE EAGER TO GO BACK INSIDE TO MEET THE PORN STAR...
WHILE WE GROOVE TO A LOUDER, SLOWER VERSION OF THE CLASH? NOT REALLY..
..BUT JAY'S PROBABLY LOOKING ALL OVER FOR US RIGHT NOW, SO—
THERE YOU ARE! I WAS LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU GUYS!
WE, UH, JUST STEPPED OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR..
...SAY, ISN'T YOUR FRIEND'S BAND GOING ON SOON?
THEY'RE PLAYING RIGHT NOW, AND MAN DO THEY SUCK!
THEY SOUND LIKE KISS!
THAT'S TOO BAD...
YEAH, SO THE EX-PORN STAR INVITED US TO JOIN HER AND HER FRIENDS FOR A GAME OF INDOOR MINIATURE GOLF!
WHADAYA SAY? YA WANNA?
WELL?
SURE, WHAT THE HECK!
GREAT!
...BY THE WAY, BUDDY, I FOUND OUT WHAT THEIR DRUG OF CHOICE IS...
OH YEAH? AND WHAT'S THAT?
PAINT THINNER!
HOW EXCELLENT..



NEXT MORNING:
♫
..GOOD MORNING!
..DUM DEE DO..
MORNIN'..
..MMM... COFFEE SMELLS GOOD..
ITCH, ITCH...
SCRATCH, SCRATCH...
Y'KNOW, LISA, I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN TO HARSH ON YA AS MUCH AS I DID YESTERDAY...
ABOUT THE DAD BUSINESS, I MEAN...
NO, NO, YOU WERE RIGHT, AND I'M GLAD YOU SAID IT...
I WAS BEING WAY TOO OBSESSIVE, AND I NEED TO BACK OFF A BIT, WHICH I TOTALLY INTEND TO DO...
I ALSO INTEND TO CALL MY OWN PARENTS... AS SOON AS I WORK UP THE NERVE, THAT IS...
YEAH, THAT'S PROBABLY A GOOD IDEA...
HERE YA GO —BREAKFAST IS SERVED!
WOW! IS THIS FOR ME? I FEEL SO SPECIAL!
OH YOU.. IT'S JUST A BOWL OF CEREAL...
HEY, WHY DON'T YOU BRING YOUR BOWL OVER HERE AND JOIN ME?
HUH? OH, THAT ISN'T MINE... I ALREADY ATE BREAKFAST..
OH YEAH? SO WHOSE BREAKFAST IS THAT THEN?
I, UH... MADE IT FOR YOUR FATHER.. HEH-HEH..
GOOD MORNING, PEOPLE!
OH, GOOD MORNING, "DAD"!
HOW'S IT HANGIN', POPS?
SAY, IS THAT BOWL FOR ME?
I SURE HOPE SO—I'M FAMISHED!

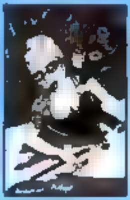

MY, LOOK AT YOU! YOU SEEM RATHER SPRIGHTLY THIS MORNING!
YES, AND YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP AND EVERYTHING!
SLOBBER!
MUNCH!
AHH!
YES, AND I'M FEELING RATHER SPRIGHTLY THIS MORNING AS WELL...
WIPE
IN FACT, I'M FEELING AS FIT AS A FIDDLE!
LEAP!
I HAVEN'T FELT THIS GOOD IN AGES!
WELL WHOOP-DEE-DO!
GLAD TO HEAR IT!
AND SINCE I'VE GOT SO MUCH ENERGY TO BURN, I THINK I'LL GO FOR A NICE LONG STROLL...
WHAT?!
G-GEE, POP, ARE YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA? I MEAN—
ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'S A GREAT IDEA!
JUST LOOK OUTSIDE—THE SUN IS SHINING, THE BIRDS ARE SINGING...
YA DON'T GET MANY DAYS LIKE THIS THIS TIME OF YEAR, SO WHEN YA DO YA GOTTA TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT!
PLUS A BLAST OF FRESH AIR WOULD DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD—
DON'T YOU AGREE?
I, UH... SUPPOSE...
WELL, SEEING HOW YOUR MIND IS MADE UP, HOW ABOUT IF I COME ALONG WITH YOU...
ZOOM!
YES, WHY NOT LET BUDDY JOIN YOU?
NONSENSE!
I'M SURE YOU BOTH HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN TO CHASE AFTER ME!
BESIDES, I'M LOOKING FOWARD TO THIS OPPORTUNITY TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.
SEE YOU LATER!
BUT...
SLAM!
OH, WELL...

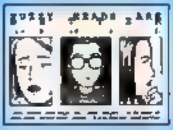
LATER
WHERE THE HELL IS HE? HE'S BEEN GONE FOR A WHOLE HALF-HOUR ALREADY!
WHERE'D HE DECIDE TO WALK TO, PENN-SYLVANIA?!?
WILL YOU RELAX? A HALF-HOUR ISN'T ALL THAT LONG...
IN FACT, YOU SHOULD BE THRILLED THAT HE'S FEELING SO CHIPPER...
MAYBE HE'S TURNED A CORNER, AND HIS HEALTH REALLY IS ON THE MEND...
I DON'T KNOW. I JUST DON'T HAVE A GOOD FEELING ABOUT THIS..
TAP! TAP! TAP!
=TSK!= NOW YOU'RE SOUNDING LIKE YOUR MOTHER..
IF SHE WERE HERE I'M SURE SHE'D BE SAYING THE SAME THING I AM...
IF SHE WERE HERE SHE WOULDA NEVER LET HIM LEAVE THE HOUSE, WHICH IS WHAT WE SHOULDA DONE!
SALE
WILL YOU STOP!
...HERE, WHY DON'T YOU SIT HERE AND READ THE PAPER WHILE I PUT S'MORE COFFEE ON..
NO MORE COFFEE FOR ME, THANKS. THAT'S THE LAST THING I NEED AT THE MOMENT...
FINE. I'LL JUST MAKE SOME FOR MY-SELF...
RING! RING!
UT, THERE'S THE PHONE.. I'LL GET IT..
WHERE'S THE SPORTS SECTION? ...OH WELL...
JEEZIZ.. HOW CAN ANY-ONE RELAX BY READING THE PAPER?
IT'S CHOCK FULL OF WAR, MURDER AND MAYHEM!
AFRICA STARVES TO DEATH
CRACK ADDICTS TAKE OVER WHITE HOUSE
BUT LISA'S RIGHT. I AM GETTING CARRIED AWAY WITH MY WORRYING...
I OUGHT TO STOP.
YES. I'LL TELL HIM..
..THANK YOU. BYE.
?!? WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, LISA?
YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'VE JUST SEEN A GHOST..
THAT WAS THE POLICE...
YOUR FATHER WAS HIT BY A TRUCK AND WAS KILLED INSTANTLY...

THREE DAYS LATER
MOM, I'M BORED!
ME TOO! AND I'M HUNGRY!
FUNERAL HOME
HEAVENLY HILLS FUNERAL HOME
NO UNAUTHORIZED PA...
FORD
(SHHH! DON'T BOTHER ME RIGHT NOW!)
(GO SEE IF ONE OF YOUR UNCLES WILL TAKE YOU TO THE PIZZA HUT ACROSS THE STREET)..
OH BOY!
UH...DO THEY GIVE FREE TOYS AT PIZZA HUT?
..(I DON'T SEE WHY MY MOM HAD TO INSIST ON A CLOSED CASKET..)
(HIS FACE WASN'T THAT MESSED UP..)
YEAH, WELL...
HEY, UNCLE BUTCH!
RIP
MEANWHILE..
..DEARLY BELOVED... LET US NOT FEEL SORROW FOR THE RECENTLY DEPARTED, FOR HE IS IN A BETTER PLACE...
(WHAT? WHY DO YOU KEEP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?)
(HUH? OH, I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO—)
(IS IT BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID I'M GONNA CRACK-UP NOW THAT MY "TICKET TO HEAVEN" HAS PASSED AWAY?)
NO, IT'S JUST THAT.. ERR.. WELL, YEAH, I AM...
HEY, UNCLE BUDDY!

WILL YOU TAKE US TO THE PIZZA PLACE ACROSS THE STREET? PUH-LEEEZE?
MOM SAID YOU HAVE TO!
YEAH, WE ASKED UNCLE BUTCH BUT HE SAID NO, THE BIG-STINKER!
=SIGH=... ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE YA...
YAY!
C'MON! LET'S GO!
YOU WANNA COME ALONG?
SURE. I'M KINDA HUNGRY MYSELF..
...ANYHOW, BUDDY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT..
ARE YOU SURE?
ABSOLUTELY, BECAUSE AT LEAST I KNOW THAT I HELPED TO MAKE HIS FINAL DAYS A LITTLE EASIER...
HMMM..
AND THAT THERE'S AT LEAST ONE PERSON I'LL ALWAYS KNOW I NEVER BAILED-OUT ON..
C'MON, YOU GUYS!
YEAH! YOU'RE WALKIN' WAY TOO SLOW!
PLUS NOW THAT HE'S GONE HE WON'T BE A SOURCE OF CONTENTION BETWEEN THE TWO OF US...
OY, NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL GUILTY..
BUT WHAT I'M ALSO CONCERNED ABOUT IS WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO WITH YOUR SPARE TIME, NOW THAT YOU'VE LOST YOUR MAIN HOBBY...
...OH... I DUNNO... I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING...
TYLER! YOU FORGOT TO LOOK BOTH WAYS!
BUT I WANT TO WARN YOU OF ONE THING, AND YOU HAVE TO PROMISE NOT TO GET MAD WHEN I TELL YOU...
OH? AND WHAT'S THAT?
...THAT I INTEND TO KEEP WATCHING "WHEEL OF FORTUNE"...
HEY! THEY'RE CLOSED!
OH NO! NOW WE'RE GONNA STARVE TO DEATH!
RATTLE! RATTLE!
END.

I recently paid a brief visit to something called "The Alternative Press Expo" that was held at Seattle's Center On Contemporary Art (or COCA, as it's more commonly known), and was surprised to come across a number of impressive self-published comics that I had never seen before — due mainly to the fact that their publishers saw no reason to send them to me, the fools! The biggest standout was something called **Mama Snake**, by Chris Campbell ($3.00? pp to: 4100 Lake Washington Blvd. N. #B202, Renton, WA, 98056). Chris's simple-yet-wackily drawn tales of pathologically depraved redneck loser families had me *LAUGHING MY GODDAMNED HEAD OFF*, a fact that briefly caused me to worry about myself, since many of these tales are unbelievably depraved and sadistic! But hey, anything is palatable when it's drawn in a friendly, accessible style, right? *So I'm off the hook, right?* Order the latest, #4, and if you like that one I guarantee you'll enjoy the rest of 'em...Another eye-opener was **From Hell To Breakfast** by Blair Wilson, a local artist whose work I was already familiar with, though this is his best effort to date in every respect. This 16-page collection features one-page interpretations of his friends' poems, all done in his clean-yet-intricate, Jim Blanchard-like drawing style. ($2.00 to: PO Box 45654, Seattle, WA, 98145-0654)... Christine Shields is another artist whose work I was familiar with, via the "world of zines" such as **Flatter**, though I wasn't aware of her comic-strippin' abilities until I stumbled across her solo title **Blue Hole**, which I recommend primarily for its hauntingly rendered, spookishly-kooky artwork. ($2.95 to: Box 391655, Cambridge, MA, 02139-0017)... Coming to my attention the *usual way* — c/o Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA, 98115 — is **ArtFuck #6** ($2.00 to: 347 Divisadero St. SF, CA, 94117), the best issue to date of this San Francisco-based hodge-podge of comics, reviews, confessionals and (unintentionally?) hilarious poetry. A strong point are the crudely drawn yet (unintentionally?) hilarious comics by co-editor Dan Strachota, whose comic strips have also been collected in a digest-sized collection entitled **Tiny Death** available for $2.00 from the same address as *ArtFuck*. It's worth it for the 1-pager "The Day That Changed My Life Forever" alone.. **Hermenaut** ($2.50, 3010 Hennepin Ave. S., #165, Mpls, MN, 55408) covers a lot of the same pop culture territory that most of the 'zines littering my desk seem to — in fact, L. Carver, P. Milstein and D. Darcy are all contributors — only with higher production values and a more intellectual bent to the writing than I usually see, and for what that's worth. The latest ish, #10, features pieces on Bruce Lee, Sit-Com heroines, and a must-read, non-republican attack on PBS. *Eeeyess!* ...Finally, and in the tootin' my own horn dept., is a charming, girlish li'l alt. rock zine called **Fuzzy Heads Are Better** (293 Clinton St., Toronto, Ont., M6G-2Y7, Can.), which I'm calling to your attention partly because #3 features interviews with ink-studs Adrian Tomine and *the legendary Peter Bagge!* Plus, it only costs a buck...





And now for the letters, and what could be more fun than to kick things off with the bellyachers...

Dear Mr. Bagge, or should I say MR. DISNEY, *(Ouch! —PB)*

I'm not so sure *Hate* could be called an underground comic any more. First there was the color, then the advertising, and the new logo alone makes the comic look politically correct. I don't know if you were threatened by a censorship committee, or you're just in it for the money. But I do know that the format is falling apart, as is the storyline and characters. Buddy's become a wuss who no longer expresses his opinions and who's turning into an old pussy-whipped fart just like his father. The only character that holds any potential interest for me is Jimmy Foley. I know you won't stop the color or advertising since you're such a self-professed money hound, but the least you could do is bring back Buddy's nasty, weasely, sexist, bigoted and overall sleazy personality. A feature with Stinky would be nice, too. But as it is now, if I want to read this type of shit I'll buy Archie Comics.

In fact I doubt you'll even print this letter.

Eli Best
Vancouver, BC

You can print all the letters you want in defense of your recent actions, but the truth of the matter is I used to crack up hysterically at the old issues, and now I don't even crack a smile.

Lauri King
Santa Monica, CA

Or maybe you simply outgrew this silly-assed comicbook — have you ever considered that, Lauri? —PB

I can't believe it! Why is Buddy putting up with all this bullshit? When is he gonna wise up and bail? Has he forgotten why he left home in the first place? I know it would take more than a blow job and a yellow TV dinner to keep me in a cage!

Come off it, Buddy! Shake those bitches loose and amscray! Hurry up before you get Lisa knocked up! Yikes!

As for the ads controversy, at least it's cool crap instead of zit pads and video games.

Sean Kane
Eugene, OR

I just want it to be known that HATE Comics will gladly accept advertisements for zit pads and video games. —PB

Just read H#21. Whoa Nelly, are you ever gonna get letters on *this* one! Here in Berkeley, PC Capital of the World, we men would never dare to write anything even remotely critical of women as you have done here *(?!? —PB)*, but I applaud you for your courage. *(What courage? I was making fun of MEN when I wrote that story! —PB)* The story was funny and insightful regarding the human condition, and the great gulfs forged, who knows how, between the sexes... I enjoyed the bar-hopping scene the best, showing the variance between the Sad Clown and the pretentious Wilting Fern, with its overpriced microbrews. Had our intrepid heroes remained at Busters, they could have enjoyed the Big Game on a huge honkin' TV set, with the volume blaring to compete with Lynyrd Skynyrd on the juke box...

Moby of Berkeley

Just finished H#21 and once again had a jolly good time. Pops Bradley's poor situation was almost identical to his majesty in "The Madness of King George" (which I just saw last night).

Blanchard's inks are fucking beautiful, by the way...

Brett Warnock
Portland, OR

PS: I'll have a pint of Ye Olde Liquid Bread Malt, *whatwhat!!*

I'm older than Pops Bradley and in better shape, but not as witty. In the last panel of page 23 of the last issue (#21), Pops' last three words made me laugh so hard I almost joined him in the hospital!...

Chime from PA

I loved the Pops Bradley strip "Who Shall Cut My Hair?" in H#20. It's so traumatic trying to find a decent barber, and anyway I hate the whole process. That's why I've just shaved off all my hair monthly since I was 18. It does my fucking head in....

Geoffrey Coupland
London, UK

Geoffrey is responsible for a big, beautiful, bizarre bit o' British bizniz called BOO KOO COMIC ($4.00 pp, 125 Linwood Close, Camberwell, London, UK, SE5-8UY). This drawing of Buddy w/ Rabbits is by Geoffrey.

I have a question. I noticed that in your colored comics that Buddy's shirt is a flat yellow. But in your b&w stories Buddy wears a checkered shirt. Why? I'm guessing you even have an answer. Sorry to waste your time.

Tony Consiglio
Ridgewood, NY

The lines on Buddy's checkered shirt are "officially" red, which would be way too difficult to color on a panel-to-panel basis. And leaving the lines black would also make life difficult for the computer colorist, since he or she wouldn't be able to "paint" his whole shirt w/ one click of the button the way they can now. Besides, I like the way his shirt is now one big yellow blob — it makes him stand out, like Dick Tracy's hat.

It's also about time I mentioned letter writer T. Consiglio's self-published title DOUBLE CROSS! ($2.50 pp, 60-13 68th. Rd., Ridgewood, NY, 11385). The latest issue, #9, is the best by by far of this funny yet painful auto-bio comic, so start with that one and work your way backwards.)

Do you pronounce your name "bag" or "baggie"? *("Bag," for the millionth time. —PB)* #20 is the first *Hate* I ever bought and it *rocks!* The cover of the rat-tailed, snot-nosed, Lion King addict brat is dead on. Buddy seems kind of young to have such a lunar surface nose. Was he abandoned on the streets a lot as a kid? *(No, those are acne scars. —PB)* That woman pictured in the Sub Pop ad on the back cover is enchantingly buxom. Do you know of anybody in my vicinity who looks like that? *(No, but the guy who draws "The Flaming Carrot" might. —PB)* I figured you might because you make two references to big titties inside. Is this a recurring theme in your work? *(No. In fact, HATE is one of the few comics where "big titties" are not a recurring theme, I'm sorry to say. —PB)* Anyway, you *rock!* And I think I can put up with the color. *(Thanks —PB)*

Richard Benedict
Kitchener, Ont

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IT'S BUDDY'S OLD PAL STINKY in
KING OF THE AIRWAVES
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LEONARD'S BATTLE OF THE BANDS!
...LET'S HEAR IT FOR BUTT SWEAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WEREN'T THEY WONDERFUL?
CHANNEL 86 PUBLIC ACCESS
ON THE AIR
ZZZZZZ...
CLAP! CLAP!
..ERRR, OUR PHONE LINES APPEAR TO BE TEMPORARILY OPEN, SO NOW'S THE PERFECT TIME TO CALL AND CAST YOUR VOTE FOR THIS WEEK'S CHAMPIONS!
— SO WHO'S IT GONNA BE: "BUTT SWEAT" OR "GRUNT WAGON"? THE CHOICE IS YOURS, VIEWERS..
THEY BOTH SUCK!
GRUNT WAGON
BUTT SWEAT
...C'MON, P-PEOPLE, DON'T LET THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO LET YOUR VOICE BE HEARD PASS YOU BY...
STINKY!
—HUH? VALERIE?! WHAT ARE Y—
DID YOU TAKE OFF THIS MORNING WITH MY SET OF KEYS AGAIN?
THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE UMPTEENTH TIME...
UH, P-PLEASE WELCOME MY WONDERFUL ROOMMATE, MS. VALERIE RUSSO, LADIES + GENTS ..HEH-HEH...
(PSST! VAL! WE'RE ON THE AIR)...
I DON'T CARE! NOBODY WATCHES THIS STUPID SHOW ANYWAY!
I JUST WANT MY KEYS BACK, SO GIVE 'EM TO ME NOW!

(LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GODDAMNED KEYS)..
(JUST TAKE MINE AND GET OUT OF HERE, OKAY?)
(PSST! HEY, STINKY! THE PHONE LINES ARE JAMMED!)
—HUH? THEY ARE?
CLICK!
HELLO, YOU'RE ON THE AIR! WHICH BAND DO Y—
YO, WHO'S THE CHICK? SHE'S HOT!
?
?!? WHERE'S THAT VOICE COMING FROM?
NEVER MIND HER! WE'RE TRYING TO CONDUCT A POLL—
FUCK THE POLL! JUST INTERVIEW HER SO WE CAN CHECK HER OUT S'MORE...
AND MAKE SURE THE CAMERAMAN KEEPS HER LEGS IN THE PICTURE!
?
NOW LISTEN HERE, YOU—
(PSST! ALL THE OTHER CALLERS ARE DEMANDING THE SAME THING AS THIS GUY)...
REALLY?
—WHOA! HEY, VAL! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE INTERVIEWED ON LIVE TELEVISION?
WHAT? OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKES, STINKY! I'VE GOT A MILLION THINGS TO DO!
ZOOM!
GRAB!
THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES...
I JUST WANT TO ASK A FEW SIMPLE QUESTIONS...
ABOUT WHAT?
OH, LIKE WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF "BUTTSWEAT," F'RINSTANCE...
YOU MEAN THOSE GUYS WHO JUST PLAYED? SOUNDED LIKE YOUR TYPICAL, SELF-INDULGENT NOISE TO ME...
ER, YES, BUT A LOT OF GIRLS THINK THEY'RE CUTE—
UGH, NOT ME! THEY HAVE ASOLUTELY NO FASHION SENSE AT ALL!
I'M SORRY, BUT I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT ATTRACTED TO FLEA-INFESTED HOMUNCULI!
I LIKE TO THINK I HAVE SOME STANDARDS...
Hmmm .. INTERESTING.. WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO ARTICULATE WHAT THOSE STANDARDS ARE?
OF COURSE! FIRST OF ALL—
HELLO, CHANNEL 68? TELL LEONARD TO HAVE THAT VALERIE DAME ON EVERY WEEK!
FIDDLE FIDDLE
BARELY LEGAL

LATER...
AW, C'MON, VAL! WHY WON'T YOU BE A REGULAR GUEST ON MY SHOW?
IT'LL BE LOADS OF FUN!
NO MONEY, FOR ONE THING. PLUS YOUR AUDIENCE CONSISTS OF A MERE HANDFUL OF PATHETIC CREEPS!
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK OF MY PUBLIC THAT WAY! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THEY LOVE YOU?
FEH. "LOVE" ISN'T EXACTLY THE WORD I'D USE...
LOOK, I'M SORRY I CAN'T PAY YOU ANYTHING, BUT I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU SOME OTHER WAY, I PROMISE...
HOW?
I'LL DO THE DISHES FROM NOW ON...
THAT'S NOT ENOUGH...
I'LL DO THEM CORRECTLY! AND I'LL EVEN PUT THEM AWAY...
FORGET THE DISHES...
...WHAT I WANT IS COMPLETE CREATIVE CONTROL OF THE ENTIRE SHOW..
WHAT?! NEVER!
THAT'S THE ONE THING I'LL NEVER GIVE UP!
FORGET IT!
AND SO.
...THIS WEEK WE'LL BE FEATURING— A LINE-UP OF MY COHORT LEONARD'S "LADY FRIENDS," FOR THE PURPOSES OF STUDYING AND EVALUATING THE VARIOUS STYLES AND MORES OF TODAY'S YOUNG URBAN FEMALES...
Valerie's Guide to Modern Living STARRING LEONARD BRO
UGH! I'M DYIN' IN THIS MONKEY SUIT!
BRING ON OUR FIRST VICTIM, LEONARD...
C'MON OUT, GWEN!
BOUNCE! FLOUNCE!
..NOW HERE'S A PREVAILING STYLE THAT TOTALLY OFFENDS MY SENSIBILITIES: THIS WHOLE "LITTLE GIRL" LOOK, COMPLETE WITH PLASTIC HAIR CLIPS, AND OFFSET BY THESE HIDEOUS SAILOR TATTOOS.
?
THE SUPPOSED "IRONY" OF THIS JUXTAPOSITION BARELY MAKES UP FOR THE FACT THAT THIS WHOLE "LOOK" IS HORRIBLY REGRESSIVE!
OW!
WAAAAH! STINKY, YOU PROMISED ME THAT THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN!
SORRY, BABE, BUT I NO LONGER HAVE CREATIVE CONTROL OF THE SHOW...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU STUPID LITTLE TRAMPS? HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF WOMEN'S LIB?!
SWAT!!

LATER IN THE PROGRAM..
...NOW, CONSIDERING THIS IS YOUR FIRST "DATE," WHO DO YOU FEEL SHOULD BE OBLIGED TO PAY...
—LEONARD?
OH, UHHH. THE GOVERNMENT?
WRONG! YOU BOTH PAY HALF!
FOR EITHER ONE OF YOU TO EVEN OFFER TO PAY WOULD BE PRE-SUMPTUOUS AND INSULTING!
WHAP!
OW!
WHERE DOES SHE COME UP WITH ALL THESE "RULES"?
OKAY NOW. EDNA, YOU START THE CONVER-SATION..
OKAY, UMMM...
"DON'T YOU JUST LOVE THE FILMS OF QUENTIN TARANTINO?"
WRONG!
WHAP!
HOW UTTERLY CLICHÉ!
OW!
GIMME THAT THING!
?!?
SNATCH!
NOBODY HITS ME WITH NO GOD-DAMNED POINTER, YOU BITCH!
AND NOBODY USES THE "B-WORD" ON MY SHOW, YOU CUNT!
OH BOY! CAT FIGHT!
THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT!
SOB! I QUIT!
RUB!
RUB!
I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS ABUSE...
BESIDES, NO ONE'S GONNA MISS ME ANYWAY...
GOUGE!
KICK!
SCRATCH!
POKE!
PINCH!
WEEKS LATER...
..BEFORE WE PROCEED WITH TODAY'S LESSON, PERHAPS WE SHOULD TAKE A FEW CALLS...
HELLO, YOU'RE ON THE AIR!
YO, VAL, WHAT'S UP WITH THAT GET-UP YOU'RE WEARING?
Modern Living
?!? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHAT'S UP WITH IT"? WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?
YOU USED TO WEAR SHORT SKIRTS THAT SHOWED OFF YOUR LEGS, BUT NOW YOU'RE WEARING PANTS THAT'RE SO BAGGY THAT I CAN'T EVEN MAKE OUT THE SHAPE OF YOUR ASS ANYMORE!

MY ASS? WHAT DOES MY ASS HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
YOUR ASS IS THE MAIN REASON I WATCH YOUR SHOW!
WHAT?! WHY, I NEVER!
THE NEXT RETROGRADE WHO CALLS IN WITH A COMMENT LIKE THAT GETS A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO MS. MAGAZINE!
NOW WHERE WAS I...
YAWN...
MEANWHILE...
SIGH...I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH I MISS HAVING MY OWN SHOW...
I'M REALLY JONESIN' TO GET BACK ON THE AIR AGAIN...
...BLAH BLAH FASHION BLAH BLAH...
CHIPS
HELLO?
YO STINKS, THIS IS EDDIE!
HEY, ARE YOU WATCHIN' VAL'S SHOW RIGHT NOW? MAN, HAS IT GOTTEN LAME!
YAK YAK...
YEAH, WELL, WHO CARES...
SHE DOES, APPARENTLY, 'CUZ SHE'S GONNA START FEATURING MUSICAL ACTS AGAIN IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO LIVEN UP THE SHOW...
...BLAH, BLAH WHEN I WAS IN PARIS.. BLAH BLAH...
HEY, MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO ON AND PERFORM INCOGNITO! THAT WOULD BE A HOOT!
HMMMM... THIS COULD BE A WAY TO GET MY SHOW BACK!
SPROING!
NEXT WEEK...
PLEASE WELCOME LEONARD THE SINGING-COWPOKE!
CLAP! CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
...RAGTIME COWBOY JOE...
G-G-GOSH! THEY LOVE ME!
I'M A SINGING SENSATION!
PLUNK! PLUNK!
YAHOO!
TWANG!
STOMP!
SING IT, COWBOY!
WE WANT LEONARD! WE WANT LEONARD! WE WANT LEONARD!
THANK YOU, LADIES + GENTS
TOSS!
.. AND AS A FAVOR TO YOU ALL I'M RE-CLAIMING THIS SHOW AS MY OWN AGAIN! AND I HEREBY DECLARE THIS PROGRAM TO FOR-EVER AFTER BE AN HOUR'S WORTH OF..
BITCH-FREE TELEVISION!
BANG!
POW!
BANG!
SPLAT!
YAY!
YIPPEE!

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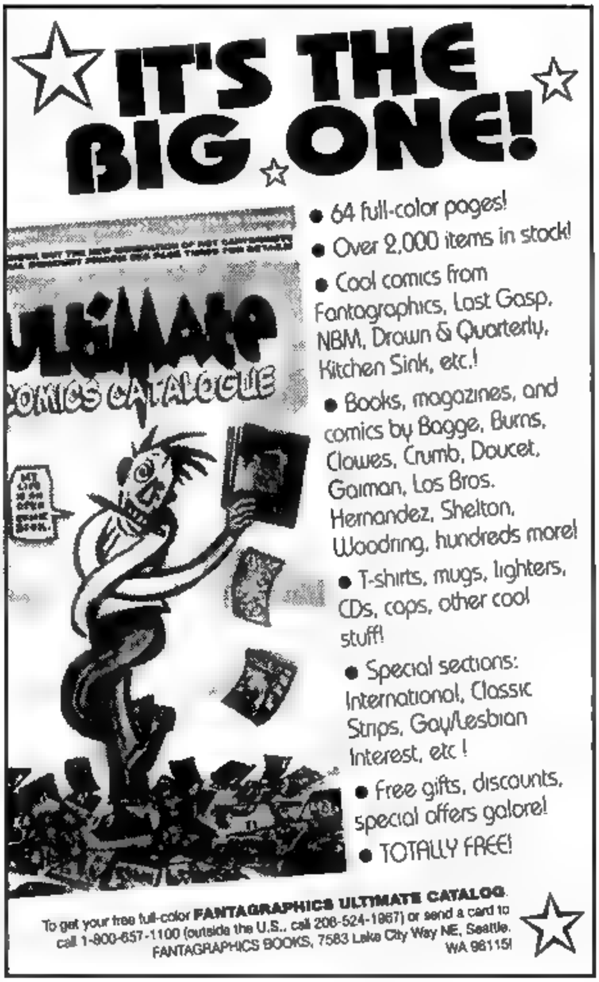
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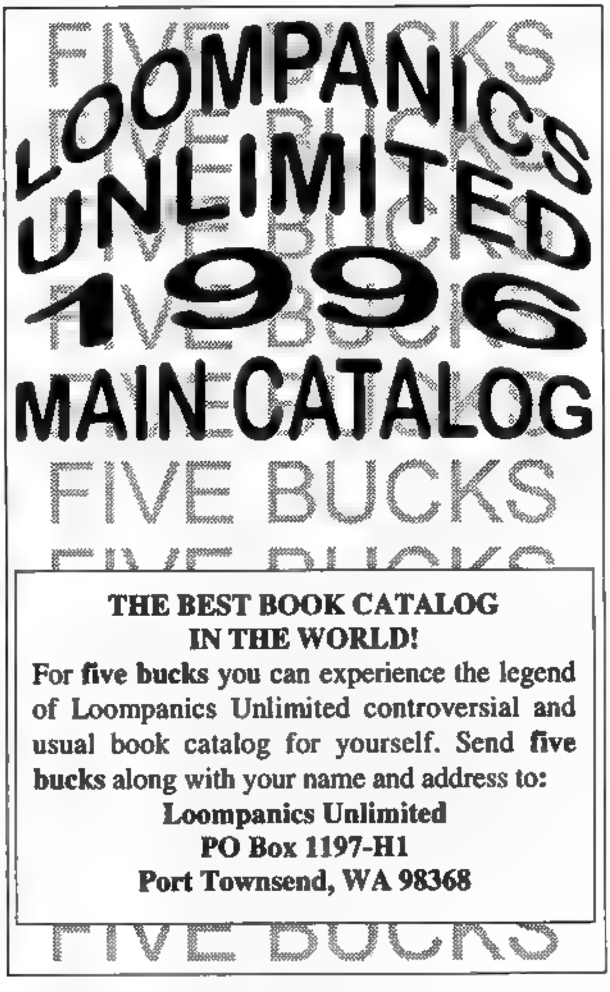
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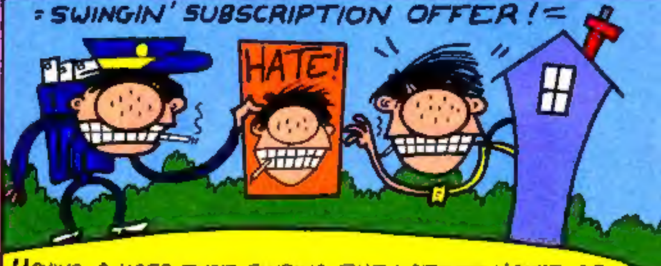

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Punky Wristwatch

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Knit Cap
You'll look cool yet stay warm as can be in this black ski cap with a Sub Pop logo and big black pom pom.

Screaming Life by Charles Peterson
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